

# The Times-Dispatch

Business Office... Times-Dispatch Building  
100 South Third Street  
Richmond, Va.  
Telephone 100  
Lynchburg Bureau... 100 North Main Street  
Lynchburg, Va.  
By Mail... One Year \$10.00  
Six Months \$5.00  
Three Months \$2.50  
Daily without Sunday... 1.00  
Sunday edition only... 2.00  
Weekly (Wednesday)... 1.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and suburbs and Petersburg—  
Daily with Sunday... 10 cents  
Daily without Sunday... 10 cents  
Sunday only... 3 cents

Entered January 7, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1913.

## VIRGINIA'S VOLUPTUOUS STATUTEBOOK.

Of the Legislatures that meet biennially, the General Assembly of Virginia is second in the quantity of laws produced. If our legislative session had been extended to ninety days, the Old Dominion would have led the list in voluminousness of biennial statute manufacture, but, as it is, though Virginia has the shortest session of all, only Maryland enacts more legislation. Virginia, with a sixty-day session, in 1912 wrote 767 pages of laws, but Maryland outstripped us with 1,762 pages turned off in ninety days. In the contest for quantity of legislation, Virginia far outdid Connecticut, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio and Illinois, the other States of the biennial classification.

Connecticut's Legislature was in session from January 4 to September 26, but only 312 pages of laws resulted. Iowa's lawmakers were at work from January 9 to April 12, but they wrote only 372 pages of laws. Missouri's Solons in seventy days could grind out but 487 pages. Ohio's General Assembly, in session from January 3 to May 10, passed 495 pages of statutes. Illinois' legislators produced 576 pages from January 4 to June 1.

Virginia enacts more law than Connecticut, Iowa, Missouri, Ohio and Illinois, and yet, with the exception of Connecticut, all of these States have a far greater population than Virginia. For its 5,538,531 people, Illinois in five months writes less law than Virginia in three months does for her 2,693,612 people. Ohio, with a population of 4,767,121, in a little more than four months writes 272 pages less than the Old Dominion. Notice also that Connecticut, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri have a more varied population and more complex problems than Virginia; they have to legislate for vastly larger cities and vastly more classes of people.

The comparison is of constructive value. The most obvious deduction from the figures is that legislation in the other biennial Assemblies is more carefully considered at greater length so that the laws which finally pass have been more keenly scrutinized and framed. Such a legislative course tends to cause laws to be so well constructed that succeeding Legislatures do not have to perfect them with amendments. It is better to devote much time to the framing of a law that will fully serve the purpose for which it is intended than to enact a slipshod statute that will have to be patched up by later legislation. The most considerable factor making for voluminousness in our statutes is, however, that our General Assembly has to deal with much special, private and local legislation that ought to be delegated to other authorities. The present Constitution removed many of the subjects of such legislation from the calendar, but there is still room for substantial reform. The General Assembly of Virginia ought not to have to legislate on special and local subjects for municipalities. As it is, the work of the Legislature is unnecessarily loaded down, and the progress of towns and cities is obstructed because legislative sanction is required for municipal action in many cases. Virginia should imitate the wisdom of Ohio and add a municipal home rule amendment to the State Constitution, so that the Legislature may devote its labor to the framing of fewer laws and better laws for the State as a unit.

Of the making of laws it is true, as it is of other things, that quality, and not quantity, is the end to be sought.

## KEEPING TAB ON BRAIN WORK.

The movement for "efficiency" and "time-accounting" has at last reached the brain worker. The man who thinks and thinks and thinks is going to be put on a schedule if plans now being tried at Harvard work out properly. That university is investigating exactly the number of minutes the members of the faculty devote to their teaching. Cards have been sent out asking information as to hours in the classroom, spent in consultation or correction of papers, in preparing lectures, and other duties of the ordinary professor. The idea is to discover what each man is doing to earn his salary.

There is a measure of sense in the idea. The ordinary teacher does pretty much what he pleases. There is no "foreman" to oversee his work, nor time clock and time card to keep him on the job, although both of these institutions are to be used hereafter at Harvard. As a result of this freedom, many professors, suffering from human nature in the shape of laziness, do not overwork. Nobody knows what they do, and there is no way of analyzing their results, save in the general standard of their students. An experienced instructor, who has taught a series of lectures for each class, can skim through on a surprisingly small amount of hard work. If the new system puts a little more sting into loafers, it will be worth while.

There is, however, a grave fallacy in applying mechanical standards to mental work. Thinking is not so much extension as intention. One man of quick mind will take only an hour to achieve the same results a plodder will spend out in half a day. What does Harvard expect to do about a personal

equation of this kind? These things cannot be measured in time. Any brain-worker knows that even his own capacity varies from day to day. He will be swift, sure and brilliant to-day, dull, unfruitful, his mind will be clogged, dull, unfruitful. He may have to work longer and still produce poorer results. Will he be "docked" for the hours he didn't spend when he did his best work?

We are afraid Harvard will have to continue to measure mental ability and teaching success by results. Heredity, nerve force, education, genius, personality and mental vigor cannot be scored on an adding-machine and paid for by the hour. Erudition will no longer smell of the lamp, but of the machine. The real solution seems to us for Hugo Munsterberg to invent an ergograph that will record how much vital energy a man uses in doing a certain amount of brain-work. Probably the same amount of thought consumes the same amount of man, whether it takes a day or a week.

## ACUTE NEED FOR HOSPITAL.

What does Richmond propose to do for a hospital? The generous offer of the Memorial Hospital was permitted to lapse, and this institution will soon be devoted to the service of the new medical college. But a failure to accept this gift does not lessen the urgent need for improved hospital facilities. How pressing this need has become is emphasized by the present epidemic of measles and scarlet fever. The city Board of Health has issued repeated and serious warnings against the spread of these diseases. Strict isolation and quarantine is demanded to check the increase of cases. But, as a correspondent of The Times-Dispatch pointed out recently, the city offers no isolation wards for the treatment of contagious diseases with the exception of tuberculosis. The parents who are unable to offer proper surroundings for their sick children and keep them apart from others can look for no help at the hands of the city. In the crowded quarters of the city, where infection spreads most rapidly, there is nothing to do but to trust that others will not catch these destroyers of infant life.

It is true that most people can provide the proper isolation for their children. The lack of quarantine facilities does not affect any great number directly. But it threatens the health of every child in Richmond, rich or poor, indirectly. If the danger cannot be stamped out in all directions it remains as a menace to the whole population. We are not urging a hospital for this type of disease on humanitarian grounds, though such arguments should be convincing in a large and modern city. We are urging the instinct of self-protection. Unless the city provides for its dependents, they will endanger the independents. Any infectious disease is a social problem. It is no respecter of places or persons. It can jump from the tenement to the mansion with startling swiftness. The taxpayers of Richmond need a hospital to protect themselves. They should demand it, and get it.

## VOTES FOR THE TRAVELING MEN.

The traveling men should not be disfranchised by circumstances over which he has no control. Yet hundreds of them thoroughly qualified to exercise the right of suffrage are prevented from doing so because their peripatetic calling necessitates their absence from home on election days. Not only is the traveling man deprived of a right he should possess, but the community loses the benefit of the intelligently cast ballots of one of the most informed classes of men in the country. For the traveler is abreast of the times; he is always and everywhere a real progressive; he has visited the places where reforms and innovations have been put into successful operation, and if he could vote on questions involving them, he would know what he was about.

Now comes the proposal of R. W. Cridlin, a member of the board of directors of the Virginia Division of the Travelers' Protective Association, that the law of the land be so amended that there shall be traveling suffrage, a system by which a voter might not be compelled to cast his vote in person, but could mail to his home precinct a ballot properly executed under sufficient safeguards. The suggestion is somewhat radical, to be sure, but if wisely written into law it would work simple justice. The fundamental principle that a man must cast his ballot at his domicile would not be violated if the vote were mailed. Much is to be gained and nothing is to be lost by the common-sense enfranchisement of the man with the sample case.

## MR. MORGAN'S REASON.

The Pujo committee asked J. Pierpont Morgan, when testifying relative to the concentration of money and credit, whether the large railroad and industrial corporations could not sell their securities by public subscription instead of placing them upon the market through a certain banker or group of bankers. Mr. Morgan gave a negative reply, but without stating his reasons. The question was not pressed further by the committee, and the basis for Mr. Morgan's categorical answer remains unknown, much to the regret of the business and financial world.

A number of writers for the press, however, have not hesitated to explain the grounds for this statement of the eminent banker. The well-known financial writer, Holland, in a recent issue of the Wall Street Journal, defends Mr. Morgan's attitude after the manner of one having authority to speak directly for the banker himself. Holland's explanation is that large corporations need the services of a banker like Mr. Morgan in disposing of their securities to advantage and in advising them as to the most advantageous form of disposing of their credit instruments. Otherwise, this writer declares, in time of financial stress, or during a period of rapid development which is characteristic of the present day, large railroad systems like the Pennsylvania or New York Central lines could not procure the capital which they need.

This explanation of the existing banking and credit situation is, to say

the least, superficial. The large corporations, it is true, in their financial operations, must seek Mr. Morgan's aid, but this necessity has arisen because of conditions created by the Morgan and his associates. The Morgan interests dominate a chain of banks and trust companies which in themselves and through their correspondents possess immense resources. A large corporation which must secure capital in enormous amounts through the sale of securities finds it necessary to have the assistance of these affiliated financial institutions. If it has not their co-operation, its credit cannot be exploited, and it will almost surely meet with financial disaster. If it does not give to the Morgan or a similar group of bankers the privilege of marketing its stocks and bonds in normal years, it cannot hope for the assistance of these large banking interests in periods of money stringency. It is this fear which impels the large railroads to seek the good will of Mr. Morgan, and the point which Holland fails to mention is that Mr. Morgan and his associates have developed control of banking and credit for the express purpose of forcing the large corporations to become their vassals.

During the period 1900-1910 the Pennsylvania Railroad and New York Central sold stocks and bonds with an aggregate market value of \$345,000,000. The railroads, however, realized only \$26,000,000 in cash proceeds from these securities. In other words, these two railroads, which are mentioned by Holland as being dependent upon Morgan & Co. for credit facilities, received from the sale of securities referred to \$99,000,000 less than the contemporaneous market value of the stocks and bonds which they issued.

A part of this loss to the two companies was undoubtedly due to bonuses to stockholders. A large share of it, however, consisted of underwriting commissions made necessary by the banking connections of the corporations.

These two illustrations from the railway world are typical. By concentration of the control of banking and credit facilities, the large corporations of the country have been exploited in attempting to market their securities. If we assume this centralization in banking resources, Mr. Morgan's answer to the question of the money trust investigators is, therefore, true, but it does not follow that the conditions which Mr. Morgan has assisted in creating, and upon which the correctness of his reply is based, are sound and defensible. The fact that Mr. Morgan could make such a statement without contradiction is sufficient condemnation of the existing condition of affairs.

## AN APPEAL TO MURDER.

Joseph J. Ettor was declared not guilty of murder in the Lawrence strike case, but his latest utterance indicates him of an intent that would instigate the wholesale murder of innocent people. In an address to the striking hotel waiters of New York he gave them this advice:

"Go back with your minds made up that it is the unsafe thing in the world for the capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your union."

There is no mistaking the man's meaning. He incites men to murder by poison. If some weak-minded and misguided auditor of his should attempt to execute his hideous design, not only would he be a criminal, but the man, but Joseph J. Ettor himself, should and would go to the electric chair. The United States ought to be too small to hold such a creature.

## REAL PARCELS POST.

The New York World makes two pertinent suggestions to the American people concerning changes that should be made at once to perfect the parcels post system. They should demand the repeal of the law requiring the use of a special stamp. What is the value of this inconvenient restriction on a public convenience? What significance has the color or picture on a stamp? Does this rule in any way help the clerks or the mechanics of the postal service? The special stamp for registered mail was abolished as useless. The same logic should apply to the parcel stamps. Packages have heretofore been carried with the ordinary stamp. They should be still.

The second improvement is to repeal the part of the law excluding books from parcel post privileges. As the World puts it, "Why exclude books from an enterprise that includes butter, eggs and apples?" We trust that the steps already said to have been taken to induce Congress to put books on the same footing with other merchandise will meet with success. Books and other printed matter, save the recent exceptions of descriptive circulars and order blanks, are now handled as third-class matter at a rate of 8 cents a pound. The reduced rate would be a valuable privilege to the reading public. The policy of the tame to education and learning should be followed as to books. It is as important that the people get knowledge cheap as that they get eggs and butter.

A Gordonsville correspondent of the Page Valley Record reports that six persons, all of Orange County, have died in six months in the Charlottesville hospital, all from horse kick.

Evidently the postal card craze is not over. A Luray girl has 1,675 varieties and is still taking them as they come.

No, we do not know who put the gin in Virginia, but it is certain that the Carolinians are trying to take most of it out.

"Success is not what you do, it is what the public does to you," declares Oscar Hammerstein. What does the Man at Armageddon think about that?

Foodstuffs prices are still soaring, declares a government report. It is a bad, but true, pun that the consumers are seeing on the prices.

## On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Oh, them wimmins. 'Twas a dark and dismal day in merrie England. The fog was dense, and mud was deep and the rain, it dripped dolefully as good Queen Elizabeth, she of the pale drawworks hair, better known to her bridge partners as Liz, started for her walk.

Now it happens that there was a fine old sport by the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been making eye-winks at Queen Liz. He was a good press agent stunt for Walt, didn't he? He had a heart and hand of Queen Liz. Oh, no. She was an old maid for fair. Wait! kept banding around and making a noodle of himself, however, and upon this certain rainy day, when Liz went out for a spot in the road where the asphalt had been worn baldheaded and the mud had formed. She had to cross.

Here is my chance," hissed Sir Walt between his teeth, and he ran to the mud puddle and spread his new cravat over it so that she could trip lightly and gaily across without accumulating mud and English reality upon her slippers. And she tripped and crossed.

"That ought to knock off the persimmon," thought Walt to himself. The wife and maid industries, that little piece of chivalry like that, there will never be anything doing."

He said: "How about it now, Liz? Do I let you?"

Did he get her? Not on your zinc etching. That's no way to win 'em. What did Liz go and do to him, after he had been so polite? She went and let them chop his pompadour off right close under his chin. That's what she went and done to him.

Oh, them wimmins. According to Uncle Abner.

Mr. Amos Butts, our gentlemanly and congenial undertaker, always cry, feed and sales stables and folding chairs to rent, says, by gravity, the people of our village don't encourage burial industries, but all and they don't seem to think that an undertaker has got to make an honest living. There has been only one funeral in three years and that feller was shipped in from out of town. Amos says he can't see what the old people of this town are waiting for. He says there ain't a cent for him in a casketarian.

Every feller ought to have an aim in life. Then maybe he can get a job shooting glass balls in some wild west show.

Hank Tumms always buys domestic cigars when he wants to smoke at home.

Red Purdy always carries his lunch to work with him, but he eats it before he starts, so as to save time at noon.

Old Lufe Tubbs says when he was in the army he was where the bullets were thickest, but he never says that it is as run lie for the bullets was all the same thickness and he knows it.

Lam Higgins says he always stops smokin' durin' political campaigns, and he knows he has added at least twenty years to his life by so doing.

The old philosopher who said there was nothing impossible in this world here tried to get rich, but he didn't do no particular good, at that.

If every woman spent as much time thinkin' about marriage before she got married, there would be fewer divorces in this country.

A Conversationalist.

A stranger came to me. He was a pleasant man. He said he was in the insurance business. He started conversation. And at first he was all right. I never heard a fellow who could hold a torch to him. He argued all the normal people of the world were wrong. When I got up and left him. And went out to my lunch. When I got back I found him. Still talking "twenty-two." I do not think he realized that I had been away. I kept right at my business. Till dew eventide. But he did not let me. He sat right by my side. I left him there still talking. When I turned out at night. And started home to dinner. I guess he talked all night.

## Voice of the People

Treat Convicts Humanely.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Some of the "honest" brimming full of "honest sense" in your issue of January 11, entitled, "What Becomes of the Convict's Family?" Your position is most commendable.

The question of managing our prisoners is a great one, which challenges the best thought of modern sociology.

So long as men are diseased and depraved we will have criminals, but the criminal is sometimes the victim of circumstances. We ought to realize that men are not all endowed with the same talents and the same capacity to learn, work and understand. If they were, then socialism would be a "howling success," and the brotherhood of man, with its transcendent blessings, an accomplished fact.

Does the fact that some err, that some commit crime, limit within us that Godlike principle of human responsibility? Are we our brother's keeper?

Penitentiaries and our jails have no excuse for existing if it is not to reform their inmates and to make of them better citizens. The old idea of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth has gone glimmering to the 19th century. The age of gouging out eyes has gone out of fashion, and thanks to modern dentistry, extracting teeth has become a painless operation.

The branding iron, that hell-seared instrument of torture, has long since been abandoned, and the same leather strap that is used to jerk off the patches of human hide from the trembling, quivering and helpless flesh, is now used to bind up the wrists of penitentiaries of this country.

The last time that I ever heard the immortal Neil Cernack speak (I trust

## THE THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

The Rarest Work of Man.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.]

"Hello, a new dress, eh? Well, you look as pretty as a bright red wagon in it."

"Hello, I see you're reborn that picture—it looks a lot better than it did before."

"I cut out an amusing clipping today—it's so funny that I want you to see it."

"Somebody's getting sleepy. I can't imagine how you always keep him looking so nice."

"Well, well, you're a mind reader! How did you guess I had a particular hankering for noodle soup this evening?"

"a-peeping. But during the discourse I saw you And so I will say, and say it right here, That I have been preaching night on fifty years. Yet I cannot say in such a long roll That I have been the means of saving one soul! If I have saved yours I will not deny To you and all others I am willing to die."

But Sister Sad-Eye, she said not a word. Her sobbing alone all the noise he heard. And Brother Tuff, who was fairly outdone in getting no answer, a new "fack" began.

"If I've saved your soul, why then let me know. What part of the discourse affected you?"

Then Sister Sad-Eye, although she wept still. Took courage and said, "If I must I will."

"Bout thirty years gone, I had an old cow. And she was a good one, and I see her now. Yes, she was so gentle and never would balk. But come up as 'regular' as any clock-work."

One eye she was missin. I went out to see. What on earth was the cause—what the matter could be. And when I got "thar" I found out the riddle. She stood in the swamp mir'd up to her middle. I said, "Sister Rose, she gin me one look."

That will remember till my last breath is took. Then she "gin" a long low which she meant for good-bye. I made me so sad I thought I would die. So parson, to-day you my feelings did reach. For she low'd just exactly the way that you preach."

DUVAL PORTER, Cascade.

Again the tears were rising Into her swollen eyes. Then what I told the maiden She heard with glad surprise:

"My little maid, I've money, And there's a store hard by. Your tender feet I'll cover. You must no longer cry."

She took the shoes in gladness, The first dependant maid. She rode the bay, behind me, Far better than to wade.

The proudest maid at Bonbright Was she who lost a shoe. I took her to the lady— Our home being near too. FRANK M. BEVERLY.

Freeling

Sister Sad-Eye and Her Cow. Brother Tuff-Nut was preaching and pounding away. As he had been "doin'" fifty years, so they say.

And giving his members a good "dress" as boys would say, in slang of the town. His subject of discourse, as I have been told, Was about Prophet Daniel, the good man of old.

I'll give a quotation so that you may see. What a powerful preacher Brother Tuff-Nut could be.

"My brethren and sisters, my discourse to-day-ab is about a good man who kept on his way-ab. In spite of all threats of the wicked men-ab."

And so he was thrown in the Hon's den-ab— And for what was he cast in the Hon's den-ab?

For praying each day three times a day-ab— But brethren and sisters, I have no fear-ab.

From any such cause you will ever come thar-ab. But all things must end, and after two hours Brother Tuff-Nut's great lungs had exhausted their powers.

But his curiosity, unabated at all, For Sister Sad-Eye still kept up her squall: So he made a bee-line where the old duster sat.

And the cause of her grief he tried to come at. "Sister Sad-Eye," said he, "I was not

Editor's Note.—The Times-Dispatch regrets that Mr. Renshaw's intimate acquaintance with the bounds of truth did not inspire him to quote accurately what The Times-Dispatch stated. The news item referred to declared that the Richmond line was the first in actual service, and an editorial founded on this item laid claim only to the first commercial trolley line in the world. The authority for these statements was the president of the leading American society of electrical engineers, who superintended the construction of this road. He mentions the Berlin Model Line and the installation of a line in St. Joseph, Mo., after the Richmond line was begun. He says nothing about the Kansas City venture. We are proud to glorify Richmond and Virginia and proclaim the progressive-ness of both, but we sometimes have occasion to regret that some of her

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

Some folks make hay while th' sun shines, an' others wait till after dark. Th' feller that's never been a Democrat don't know what it is I want a pull-off.

## On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Oh, them wimmins. 'Twas a dark and dismal day in merrie England. The fog was dense, and mud was deep and the rain, it dripped dolefully as good Queen Elizabeth, she of the pale drawworks hair, better known to her bridge partners as Liz, started for her walk.

Now it happens that there was a fine old sport by the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been making eye-winks at Queen Liz. He was a good press agent stunt for Walt, didn't he? He had a heart and hand of Queen Liz. Oh, no. She was an old maid for fair. Wait! kept banding around and making a noodle of himself, however, and upon this certain rainy day, when Liz went out for a spot in the road where the asphalt had been worn baldheaded and the mud had formed. She had to cross.

Here is my chance," hissed Sir Walt between his teeth, and he ran to the mud puddle and spread his new cravat over it so that she could trip lightly and gaily across without accumulating mud and English reality upon her slippers. And she tripped and crossed.

"That ought to knock off the persimmon," thought Walt to himself. The wife and maid industries, that little piece of chivalry like that, there will never be anything doing."

He said: "How about it now, Liz? Do I let you?"

Did he get her? Not on your zinc etching. That's no way to win 'em. What did Liz go and do to him, after he had been so polite? She went and let them chop his pompadour off right close under his chin. That's what she went and done to him.

Oh, them wimmins. According to Uncle Abner.

Mr. Amos Butts, our gentlemanly and congenial undertaker, always cry, feed and sales stables and folding chairs to rent, says, by gravity, the people of our village don't encourage burial industries, but all and they don't seem to think that an undertaker has got to make an honest living. There has been only one funeral in three years and that feller was shipped in from out of town. Amos says he can't see what the old people of this town are waiting for. He says there ain't a cent for him in a casketarian.

Every feller ought to have an aim in life. Then maybe he can get a job shooting glass balls in some wild west show.

Hank Tumms always buys domestic cigars when he wants to smoke at home.

Red Purdy always carries his lunch to work with him, but he eats it before he starts, so as to save time at noon.

Old Lufe Tubbs says when he was in the army he was where the bullets were thickest, but he never says that it is as run lie for the bullets was all the same thickness and he knows it.

Lam Higgins says he always stops smokin' durin' political campaigns, and he knows he has added at least twenty years to his life by so doing.

The old philosopher who said there was nothing impossible in this world here tried to get rich, but he didn't do no particular good, at that.

If every woman spent as much time thinkin' about marriage before she got married, there would be fewer divorces in this country.

A Conversationalist.

A stranger came to me. He was a pleasant man. He said he was in the insurance business. He started conversation. And at first he was all right. I never heard a fellow who could hold a torch to him. He argued all the normal people of the world were wrong. When I got up and left him. And went out to my lunch. When I got back I found him. Still talking "twenty-two." I do not think he realized that I had been away. I kept right at my business. Till dew eventide. But he did not let me. He sat right by my side. I left him there still talking. When I turned out at night. And started home to dinner. I guess he talked all night.

The old philosopher who said there was nothing impossible in this world here tried to get rich, but he didn't do no particular good, at that.

If every woman spent as much time thinkin' about marriage before she got married, there would be fewer divorces in this country.

A Conversationalist.

A stranger came to me. He was a pleasant man. He said he was in the insurance business. He started conversation. And at first he was all right. I never heard a fellow who could hold a torch to him. He argued all the normal people of the world were wrong. When I got up and left him. And went out to my lunch. When I got back I found him. Still talking "twenty-two." I do not think he realized that I had been away. I kept right at my business. Till dew eventide. But he did not let me. He sat right by my side. I left him there still talking. When I turned out at night. And started home to dinner. I guess he talked all night.

The old philosopher who said there was nothing impossible in this world here tried to get rich, but he didn't do no particular good, at that.